

OZ

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Celebrating the rebirth of
modern plastic surgery

**HE IS
ALIVE
AND
LIVING
AT THE
LODGE**





The unforgettable death of whatsisname

THE clock in the Portsea surf life saving club showed half past eight (it had stopped again). Three miles away on Cheviot beach the Prime Minister was taking off his big flippers, putting on his sandals and practising up his dog-paddle.

In Washington it was 9 o'clock Saturday night and President Lyndon Baines Johnson was sitting at home working out how he could squeeze in a trip to the Pope before Christmas.

In the garden of his Narrabundah house, Senator John Grey Carter was sowing some political seeds in a neglected corner. In Sydney the Treasurer was, as ever, by phone awaiting the Call.

It was one minute to noon in Harold Holt's lotus land . . . it was a minute in which lives were changed, hopes shattered, ambitions stirred, newspapers sold.

It was the moment the Prime Minister of Australia walked into the sea . . . to his death.

At that moment a wind sprang up which blew across Cheviot, and from there across the world — to Washington, to Windsor Castle and to Caribbers where a handpicked nucleus of Murdoch men were already spreading rumours that could be later used to lure the passing reader.

Today responsible people are beginning to call for a full authoritative and official record of how Mr Holt met his death. And others are calling for the names of those responsible people.

OZ did not anticipate this. Unlike every major newspaper, we were caught with nothing but native wit and an old pair of scissors.

We heed our way through the Mirror/Melbourne Herald/Adelaide News account. We vainly attempted the Sydney Sun's counter-offensive and finally baulked at the literary masochists who saw fit to reprint the whole official police report.

After reading these documents we are unhesitatingly convinced that a Royal Commission must immediately be established and three incompetents appointed under the chairmanship of Gary Lock S.M.

After a decent interval, during which we reserve first reprint rights of "Rush to Judgment" by A. Jones, we shall in turn also call for a second Commission.

NOW READ ON

Facts the Nation was never told:

- The PM was wearing sandals when he entered the water. In other words, he was NOT going for a swim. The PM never went for a swim without his giant flippers and VIP entourage.
- The PM was not a strong swimmer. He was a breast-stroke swimmer and dog-paddler because since the time he broke his collar bone he could not raise his right leg.



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6 wherever the body is, there will the eagles be gathered together 9

St Matthew, Chapter 14, verse 28

It was 9:30 on a cold Wednesday night when Bill began to take off his coat and shoes. He found the path towards London where in the snow down Hazel Wilson was standing with both arms raised wide.

Sympathetically, these two men were looking towards each other as the world would look to them when the news broke to Australia, a man named the water. His name was Andrew McNulty and he adds nothing but known referred to our story.

McNulty stepped onto his boat at Penrith West just as Bill undid his fly. "I had thought that I could do anything to prevent it happening. I don't know what I wouldn't have done," says McNulty now. But hindsight is easy in the heat of the blight.

At Cheviot Beach the water was as rocky as McNulty's and there was a considerably higher wind blowing as the lone figure made his way over the rough surface toward the west. This man was Alan Stentzel.

Wherever the
body is,
there will
the hawks
be gathered

- [B]

For 1, next 5.

SHORTLY after noon, Andrew McNulty and Hazel entered the water while his mate began an early morning devotional

And behind him strode Mrs Gilchrist. Followed by Hazel Holt.

THE Prime Minister had eaten well the night before, finishing his meal with a large helping of steaming scallopines pot.

The darkening evening sky gave no hint of the tragedy to come in spite of what the journalists say.

Mr Holt retired early and not a moment too soon, since would not roll over again the next morning some 44 hours before time.

After his housekeeper, an old family sitter, had brought his breakfast, he left at 10:03 for Cheviot Beach.

The housekeeper remembers that time because her parting gift was an old family volume of *Xix*. This was the Prime Minister's last contribution to the Australian people.

As a member of the Mystery VIP jet-set, Hazel had many friends in the Clarion Beach area.

One of these, Big Assent, remembers her as "a delicate person from way back and several more remember her name personally."

But our exclusive investigations have disclosed definitely that Hazel was not as familiar with the treacherous "Cheviot Tip," whose name and reputation was to become as well known.



What happened out there will probably never be known, although we can at least conjecture as to what took place in McNulty's bathroom.

The Prime Minister seemed to get out of his depth quickly. Everything was as usual.

But he never got his feet on the ground again and, of course, it is fair to say that he must have proved one of the most

We wish to express our thanks to Mrs. Holt, Big Assent, Marion Williams, Morgan (an impossible case for treatment), Abby, Sammy, Nicky and the girls for being such beautiful photographs and also because, by so doing, we give the impression that they endorse our article.

**THE
MIRROR
COMMISSION**

THE MIRROR COMMISSION

Surfing mystery of the whole episode.

Cynical accounts agree that he was not wearing spectacles but police have been unable to locate any test-tube able to help in the inquiry.

Was he wearing feet at the time or not?

The fact that he did not wear swimming trunks would seem to confirm this but there is a suggestion that Mr Holt wore speedos.

If he did not have feet on, his feet of wearing speedos, gaudiness has a method in history if for real, which may well be the case.

IFTER the search began, it continued and a went on unmercifully until nothing was found.

At which time it was reported for the next 19 days to ensure that nothing whatever would be discovered.

It was a reasonably successful search, if considered in the right perspective. Luckily, for the sake of public opinion, other newspaper correspondents were no less specious at all. This approach was reflected in their rising sales.

The greater the lack of success, the more attention the story needed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

TOMORROW

Straw clutched



* Royal Airline - American Airlines

Europe begins in... Greece!

Greece, cradle of Western civilisation! Greece, the ideological motherland of Europa! See Sparta, Athens! Go sightseeing in a tank, join continuous picnics, stage military parades! Colonial rents! Parliament blocks! newspaper offices! more head-quarters! Watch enthralled as native megarian "Papalokkousis" lifts a coffee with such speed while wearing a Connexion in his!

Visit the seat of Europe's oldest monarchy — in Rome
And the home of Greece's most popular politician — in Paris. Hear the "Nagrof" vote the colonels to form a
government — it's Janissar than Arstophem, however
than the Duke of Edinburgh.

And don't forget the carefree Greek islands. Every day
more and more Greeks of all walks of life and all professions
are persuaded to visit the islands. Like them
you'll be captivated.

Come to Greece—where the Father of Modern Democracy
continues to eat daily with the Mother of Invention. It's a
land of low prices, where even life is cheap. You'll love our
simple myths such as "real liberty" and we'll love your
hard currency.



827178

* Miss Olympia Dukakis, actress Melina Mercouri
and actress Rita Hayworth. The second portrait



* Olympia Dukakis, actress Melina Mercouri
and actress Rita Hayworth.

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THE NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANISATION HUT 3, STADIUM BARRACKS, ATHENS

PHIZZIGGS

EARLY IN THE MOURNING

Henry Holt disappeared (discovered, uncoiled, unassisted), taken by a shark or a Kookaburra submarine, depending on which pub you drink at; at about 1 pm on Sun day, December 17.

By that night, it was on. Even before the Daily Mirror had thought of launching its special investigation—or before the first and second of the juries started moving ("White millions are starving in Asia," Marquis and printing boasted that Chisholm?) the legal Liberal Party machine was in action.

Who was ja to LDP's next move? At least three Cabinet Ministers thought they knew. Gorton and Blaxland were on the phone before sunset. McMahon flew to Melbourne, having left ominous messages behind him. In the Journal Club in Sydney, a Country Party minister's press secretary was buying drinks for anyone who would listen to her explain that Fairchild was the only man for the job.

Fairchild himself was not quite sure. His more sympathetic supporters, who claimed he would have been in as deputy long time if he had only got off his bung radio set for long enough to stand, were looking to him to hold the coalition together. So, it was widely believed, was the Country Party. What everyone—and that means everyone but Sir Frank Packer—feared was that McMahon would call a quick election, and somehow get in. "Nobody you can imagine to vote for him, but they all thought someone the night Sir Frank was sick helped."

People overcame their natural grief far long enough to smile at the idea of Barry Bradman was not even thought of as a factor.

At this stage it looked as though the election would be held pretty quickly—perhaps on the Wednesday. McMahon moved more quickly still. Before he was even sworn in as simple minister attended only by his Country Party colleagues, "I didn't think to invite the others, he said with ingratiating candour. The Country Party leaders made their position clear. With appropriately aggressive phrasing, he leaked to the press: "I

will not serve under McMahon." Not long after repeated it publicly, for the benefit of those who had missed it the first time.

This effectively ruined his own chance of staying on as Prime Minister (which was in any case odd). It also put the hot null at McMahon's announced hands, for his choices were the nil.

But it gave Sir Tivoli a perfect out. After basely poisoning the election, he wouldn't stand quietly, with a sad smile indicating his misery. So he and his didn't really want to talk to anyone. That suited the press, but soon everybody else in local Liberal colleagues were doing their best to visit Parliament House rather than be seen in the same corridor with him.

McMahon made it quite clear he was not standing on the Friday, at the Hotel Memorial Service in Melbourne. His wife turned up to the cathedral wearing a lime green mini skirt and shades, and after that no self-respecting Australian would have voted for him if he'd been the Stevenson of Sir Robert Menzies.

Meanwhile, the election date had been announced as January 3, which gave everyone a chance to be useful for a few days. The mourners gathered in Melbourne with only Gorton as uninvited candidate. Showy burial礼 in absentia, the looking-gut too high gear. On Saturday, on his way to Sydney, Barry announced publicly off the record he would stand. On Monday, over Christmas dinner,烈酒 Paul Hasluck said that he had been forced to announce he would stand because everyone else had. There had never been any real doubt, he added.

By midday through the next week it was clear these three were the heat of it all. Fairchild was not publicly said, but no one really thought he would drown 2KBL News easily. McMahon was history. Bradman had

in fact decided to stand, but was being say about it all next week—he was to spend the next fortnight trying to convince people he wasn't joking, with very little success.

McMahon was the mystery. What exactly did McMahon have against him? There were some good stories around the pub, but they were personal, other than political. The Blue, Indoctrinate Group, becoming more and more by the moment did not help by continuing a prolonged attack on McMahon with the statement that they wouldn't know McMahon if they fell over him in the street. A remarkable number of other Liberal supporters were saying the same.

The press was giving of this a good run, and the candidates in their day found they were taking second place in the great McMahon ratings. They took strong measures. Gorton appeared on an amateur radio interview with Bob Dyer postdoc Harry Jones, and when he finally managed to get a word in edgewise, referring the great listening public, he was slightly to the left of centre of the Liberal Party. He then flew to Sydney to spend the week end with his old and dear friend, W. G. Wentworth, who was immediately tipped for a cabinet post.

Meanwhile Blaxland had gained unexpected strong support from Arthur Calwell who, and unbelievably that since Paul was the best man for the job after himself, thought Blaxland had gone to Rutherford. The third candidate, Ted Barry, made a gloriously accurate prediction: "The only vote I can count on is my own."

But now people were speculating as to whether McMahon would even stay on as Tivoli. There was talk of "coup," with Blaxland and Barry doing one deal and Gorton and McMahon another. The

Continued on page 20



DAY BY DAY

December 14 After King Constantine the Hellenic family walked out on his European jets and started this decade's most inglorious overseas revolution, the good Pheidippides added a new bitter hand.

Determined not to waste any of his banner talents on such an inglorious position he appeared a minor military figure Lt-Col Gen Zorakis as Regent.

In a short statement sketch Papadopoulos reported insensitivity to foreign correspondents: "The Regent honoured me by asking me to form a new Government."

December 15: A soldier was awarded \$10,000 damages against Paramedics Council and its Deputy Health Inspector for wrongful arrest and imprisonment. The inspector had demanded that the soldier, who was well known to him, give him his name and when the soldier refused—on the not unreasonable ground that he knew it—an arrest was made.

"The only purpose," said the learned judge, "was to be offensive and overbearing and to act in pretended exercises of the set to demonstrate his power. It was an arbitrary and offensive exercise of unusual power."

Of course such abuses sometimes happen to people lower than soldiers—but with less spectacular results.

December 16: In a speech "The Australian's Saturday front-page looks appallingly proplebeian. Main picture is of a boat to be launched on the Sunday. On the left is 'Holt lets out at featherbedding' and on the right 'Brown takes the plough'."

December 17: Harold Holt takes the plunge.

December 20: The Greek rulers announced they had dissolved their military junta and would in future be known as Mr



For people who don't know what day it is, GAY INDIVIDUAL CALENDARS is gleaming psychedelic colours \$2.00 each plus 25c handling fee (\$1.75 for 1 day less or post) Post in Envelope. 10 Paddington Lane Paddington NSW Home is not a house without one!

6 OZ, February, 1968

BERSERK

December 21: Cambodia, Jan 24—Cambodian Royal white elephant, the one that accepted bananas from Mrs John F Kennedy on her November visit to Cambodia went bankrupt today. King was penniless and having another before escaping —AP.

AGE, January 25.

Father Jerry O'Connell regarded this as evidence of an impending clearing for which they would be racing as civilians if other friend of the people ex-Martial Law Gang go all those old jobs about General Elephants.

January 1: The New Year's Resolves are beginning to read like an anthology of resolutions dictated on a hanger. The British had ended with the cook at Cloughjordan House at Nassau on the database.

It was hard for Australia to come up with anything as original as that but we tried included were Dr Darling (her not kicking up too much stink about being sacked from the ABC); Sir Ian Billy Jack (not too worried about being a joker); Eric Longley (for some police drawings); Bertie Robert Hepplewhite the compensation for having a bullet-proofed PM; and, of course, at the other two Aborigines, to be given a touch of colour to the shabbiness of it all.

January 2: NSW Liberal backbencher Les Irwin bitterly attacked the PM candidates for their disloyalty to Puffing Billy. He said he would remain loyal to Mr. McMahon whatever happens.

The Party Whig is currently organising a stool to be placed behind the backbenches (technically known as the Parrot's Chair) for Les to work out his loyalty problems on.

January 21: Dr. Shirberg's transplant operation saving a blind heart.

Despite the failure of any of the 35 dogs on which he had previously transplanted to live and the death of Wark-Locke Dr. Bernard passed ahead re-maintaining a lead of several organs transplanted of the Aus. Rate against the Editor F-T-M.

The willfulness of South African to compromise their otherwise rigid apartheid principles seems, in this case, to make hardly makes them any more lovable. One spokesman told "The Australian" with some authority (Letter to Editor F-T-M).

"The transplant of a heart and all other organs except the brain, from a non-white to a white could possibly make any difference" pointed to the inclusion of such an organ. "While given them a road to no-where" those "GRAFT IN HIGH PLACES" posters made more than more didactic sloganizing.

There is no denying that the Greens have a fully integrated socialist right down to its "works only" sandwiches

which have been known to perish in transit to be made simply from a road accident than to take a sunbath (Sunday Telegraph, 14/1/68).

SMEDGEN: announcing his candidacy for high office pronounced: "Those who 'have stepped me in' submit to the choice of my colleagues have said 'Alf's smile's animal leadership ends at this time the vital energy of a man on the wavelength of his own ear'."

Apparently by the time his colleagues had tired in on Billy's youthful wavelength, they were tired out by some of his other less engaging characteristics.

January 2: Much amusement in Sydney, where a man dressed as a woman and a woman dressed as a man appeared in court to face a charge of being in possession of a restricted drug. The two transvestites appeared before Mr. Lane, SM, who was dead set on a result if they had wanted to appeal against the suspended sentence of three months hard labour they would have appeared before a judge who would have been dressed as a woman.



January 9: Comes about PM

Menzies was "British to the bone"; Blundell was "All the way with L.R.T.", the Japs were probably Bill McMahon, Calwell was hucking Hassell "The Australian" supported Mary (after Menzies, of course).

Gorton was the triumph of the independent and the gloriously. He announced he was "Australian to my bones". Not only a patriot but a man of his times who has obviously given up wanting leadership.

January 10: The ALP did not have time for a Caucus before they were asked to converge on Canberra election, which was a pity.

Senator Murphy said the Libs had selected the best man a person of integrity who was less conservative than the Liberal Party generally.

Whitlam said "For the first time, the House of Representatives has been unable to provide the leader for a whole Australian political party." He then will off a complimentary cable to Gorton: "Your colleague here gives me a formidable opponent."

And thus Dr Jon Cairns had his say—Senato Gorton is the most surreal right-winger in parliament and a former an of class-based social policies and reactionary peasant politics. Known as Senator Gorton as I do I think he will now start to show his real face." Ugh, nothing but that.

January 13: 1968's award for the most ill-considered act of liberality you already



to Billy Sneddon for announcing the government will be encouraging Asian parents and school teachers to integrate here. The reason for the federal storage of these non-professionals, of course, is the government's own分割政策。

Unless Mr. Sneddon is prepared to make the old happy about our being accepted by their Asian friends, he could not have done a better disservice to the liberal statements in which he so eloquently pays lip-service.

January 13: The Australian Rugby League agreed to pay \$645 to cover the damage the Kangaroos had inflicted on their Illawarra Rabbit. Rumour has it that the hags are sending around yet another bill, this time to cover themselves properly.

January 14: The "Sunday Telegraph" did a nice little wrap-up of Clifton (Cleated, bony-looking Mike). Under the heading, "SA has no culture values" (obviously intended to endear), they quoted part of a speech he made to the Senate in October, 1963:

"I am perfectly happy for those who want to look at Swan Lake, the Edinburgh Festival, or interviews with the Right Reverend Bishop of Souza Bouca, to have a chance on which they can watch those programmes. But I want to have a chance to which men walking down the streets of little western towns, reading for their goss and saying 'Ah wot!', do that if it is wet, yew! Tohoo! ... If I want to watch that, why should I not be able to?"

The three dots in the middle of the question shamed over the following words: "I want to have a chance to watch a programme about a private eye who gets buried over the head with beer bottles and Telegraph police, but two people like myself are perfectly capable of talking anything that he may be required to talk on."

Parker has already appointed himself Keeper of the Gorion Urn and apparently stuck out this small section to the belief that, unlike the rest of the article, it was dangerous for readers to think that RAAF life had given the PM a taste for the Theatre of Cruelty.

THE GOVERNMENT is to build as a tourist attraction an elaborate working model of the new Tel Aviv airport at a cost of half a million dollars. A similar one may be built at Mecca to bring the overall cost to the round million.

Air Minister Schwartz explained: "The air will explain simply and sincerely the great care and expense in which the Government, through the Department of

Civil Aviation, goes to ensure safe, regular airline schedules."

It will also illustrate quite simply the enormous the Government releases in some areas as an excuse for inactivity in vital fields, such as social services and education.

January 18: A report was sent to the London Stock Exchange just after the Australian exchange had closed for the weekend, announcing that Match English had had struck 380 million tons of nickel. Actually it was only 50 million tons and apparently this had been a "telegraphic revelation".

The web Morse Code operator has suddenly found himself in the enviable position of being able to return to the Bahamas.

January 19: Our old friend Andrew Jones, MHR, is back again on page one with another of his great new ideas: why not have a ministry of youth?

We would be the first country — a lucky country — with a minister for youth, and it would earn us tremendous prestige overseas.

Swallowing a few more allusion chicken, the Hon. Andrew looked up when talk got round to who would be the lucky appointee.

Just to emphasize his vital role in the future of the Liberal Party, he has for good measure established a "young married section" of the South Australian Liberal Country League—for those too old for the Young Liberals but not old enough to be satisfied with A. Jones.



January 20: The movie Bonnie and Clyde which has taken Australia by storm and the cover of "TIME" by force will be released here in about a month.

The film is the story of a young newspaper heir, Clyde Parker, and his most brutal, however patriotic, who he thinks all over the state as they rob banks and take from the poor.

Redskins didn't let him always think he is the Right!

January 21: Striking metal workers marched again as a protest against state Railways' Mail Employees with pay for the scale strike. A noisy示威者 immediately rang the fire alarm bell and threatened to declare all the power blocks. At that threat the manufacturers blanched to a pale colour and apologised. But what could he do, tell the scale black-sausage relief?

January 22: The Sunday Mirror, together with most other papers, carried the story that the U.S. claim that all psychotics had been blighted (disfigured) by the war was a hoax carried out in the heat of the current efforts to clean LSD with every off-the-shelf known to modern man.

The Sunday Mirror carried the hoax story on page 54. It carried the original story of the U.S. psychosis based on its headlined: "Whatever happened to the principle of strict time for both sides?

ALL ABOUT

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January 23: The Telegraph wasn't very happy about Bob Moors' interview with the PM on Channel 2, though somehow their man came down safely through the talk.

PM chose an "impudent interview" truncated their editorial. Once again the ABC carried an interview which appeared to many people to be impudent in its approach and "out of its selection of questions". No one wants an interview to be country party or fall of Dorothy Dix questions. It is good to hear the ABC is now planning to "set" its political talk and interviews. The recent debate?

When the Telegraph provided the panel for TCM's "Meet the Press" it certainly knew what a bumpy interview was and recognised an appeal. Again when TCM ran an ask look at the PM's questions there was nothing much to worry about the questions it bouldered up to Blundell and Barry, to display their smugness or doubts they showed what Dorothy Dix questions are like by allowing Goron to use his time recovering a long gone RAAF partner.

The PM will have won more admirers for his courage in allowing a no-holds-barred interview of this type. Justice Harold who raised the question in a similar interview with Moore than the Telegraph could ever give him credit for.

January 24: The USA dropped four hydrogen bombs on Greenland. It was explained (surprised) that the bombs were unarmed and would be "safe" as far as future reference.

It is somewhat to know our way of life is being constantly protected by planeloads of unarmed hydrogen bombs planned by unscrupulous US airmen.



THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN UGLINESS

GETTING TO NO YET

Last year OZ reported that when a conference was held at the University of Chicago on the question "What knowledge is most worth having?" one student nominated the solution that "Carnal knowledge is most worth having." The present value of such evaluation is questionable but the efforts of police in cooperation with their health and general departments at least bring considerable knowledge to currently existing a little confused knowledge - a very dangerous thing.

The very existence of sexual knowledge in the Crimes Act, and in historical contexts which involve sexual knowledge, the elements of the crime itself are simple:

Section 71 of the NSW Crimes Act states: "Whoever voluntarily and carnally knows any girl or is above the age of 18 years and under the age of 16 years shall be liable to penal servitude for 10 years." In Victoria the age limit is 12.

Section 62 slightly modifies that: "Carnal knowledge shall be, in every case under the Act, for criminal purposes upon proof of penetration only." If the girl is over 14, a prosecution must be launched within 12 months of the alleged act. Offenders may be placed on a bond as an alternative to jail and in NSW "in addition to any other punishment prescribed for such offence, sentenced to be caned, flogged or thrice privately whipped," such private whipping "not to exceed fifty strokes."

The girl involved in any proven case is presumed to be no longer virgin intact. As such she is often committed to a home for delinquent girls under the section of the Child Welfare Act which allows females "exposed to moral danger" to be sent away to the secrecy of a closed court.

The crime has its roots in the old action of "seduction", whereby a father whose daughter had been "debauched and thereby rendered fit" could obtain compensation from her seducer for the loss of her services. The old man had to prove that his daughter had been a source of income, which her pregnancy or worry had dried up. The cunning ruse who influenced only the more fragile bloom did so to express the moral of the law being not to win a working girl.

A parliament of landowners in the early 19th century converted carnal knowledge into a crime so as to deter unscrupulous gold-diggers from sleeping with their daughters. Finally in 1853 this rule of a time when children were mere parental chattels was put into the Crimes Act to set the high watermark of patrocratic Victorian morality.

Whatever the nineteenth century rationale for the new crime the law has accorded neatly with its romantic ideal of womanhood.

In a leading Australian case, the law was upheld by a Queensland Supreme Court judge as "designed for the protection of girls against themselves, and to act as a deterrent against taking advantage of the youth and simplicity of young girls and inducing them to do things which their innocence and age prompt them to do, and which a wider experience and a greater age would prevent them from doing."

This statement, of course, endorses the central proposition that the older a woman

becomes the less interested she is in sex but in real life is in perpetuating an unreal sexual stereotype. Nowadays, the boy is as often the victim in the seduction. It ignores the common situation where teenagers blunder through sexual experiments with each other out of sheer curiosity. Nor does the law make any allowance for genuine affection between partners.

Medical and psychiatric gland to the "Sound of Music" seem as a seventeen-year-old Australian teenager boy, after several pranks of his, "was going as a servant" girlfriend in a deserted greenhouse. Meticulous amongst them would be those who have checked to learn that under their own law, had the two boys gone to their obvious pastime, both would be guilty of a "serious criminal", while the girlfriend would most likely be committed to a home for delinquents.

The actual variation in the age of consent from state to state probably reflects the variations of moral-theocracy politics. In 1966 an attempt was made to bring NSW into line with Victoria by raising the age from 14, as it then was, to 16. This was failed very largely through the efforts of "Truth" proprietor John Norton, whose backlash against the proposal was, according to Cyril Pfeiffer's "Wild Men of Sydney", "not unnoticed with apprehension for in the past four years he had induced two girls below the age of 18." In a gainful editorial Norton lambasted "the greatest pack of professional prudes, made up of male-women and female men" (which went to put down public games, sports and legitimate sexual intercourse).

The argument was clinched with a heavy piece of anti-pedophile legislation. Victoria followed field-work against Pfeiffer:

"In 5 cases out of 18, a native-born Australian female at 14 to 16 years made up with or of a woman at that age, thus an English or Scandinavian woman at 20."

Unfortunately by 1910 the Wild Men were older and more refined, with carnal laws as numerous as dress-codes, and a compromise of 16 was decided upon. But on several respects carnal knowledge fits, whether within the framework of our law. Rape and "attempted rape" include all sex indicated as an unwilling female, whatever her age. "Carnal knowledge" is only brought against an act committed with the unequivocal consent of both parties.

Separate areas where girls have been tested concerning the real nature of the act, and where they have consented through fraud. This was established when a church choir master in a famous English case, involved a glibble 16-year-old virgin to have copulation with her under the

pretext that "she was opening up at her period to improve her breathing". During this surgical necessity, he placed on her chest an artificial stethoscope, which the pastor maliciously named "according to the audience was not in working order." This was rape - consent by fraud.

The Crimes Act is dead severely with issues of those provided positions by young girls' guardians, school masters and shopkeepers. And perch the teacher who induces his partner's consent by his representation in his traps. Unwritten agreements about sex, intercourse are dealt with under the head of "deemed assault".

In other words virtually every situation in which the male shows sexual criminality in making love to a teenage girl under the age of consent falls under one of these specific criminal charges. The all-inclusive chapter crime of carnal knowledge is redundant in any enlightened criminal code.

Furthermore the existence of the offence is quite incompatible with the law which allows girls over fourteen to marry with court documents. The appropriate court documents don't implicitly or explicitly override the Crimes Act so that a married girl presumably suffers carnal knowledge militarily and the man at the hour when carnal intimacy is overtaken transformation into legitimate marital status. The leading NSW authority (Blanchard & Addison on Crime) suggests an artificial escape from this dilemma by substituting definitions: the female is now a "married woman" and not a "girl" for the purposes of sections 71, 72, but on this interpretation what happens to our under-age wife when she commits adultery? Does her partner escape a carnal knowledge charge by pleading that he had intercourse with a "married woman", and not an under-age "girl"?

The focused on sexual knowledge case does have one tiny line of defense. He can be negated where the girl is less than two years beneath the marriage age by showing that his partner was either a "coercive prostitute" or that he had "reasonable cause to believe" and did in fact believe, that she



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were all or above the age of 16 years.¹⁰ This has loopholes in, in practice, pretty narrow, as a general rule when certain lipstick and even diphtheria are worn by 12-14-year-olds.

Also, under the general rule of law that the prosecution must prove its case beyond a reasonable doubt, the burden of proving "unconsciousness" rests squarely upon the accused.

Much more aware of the absurdities of the law, often give the "terrible" the benefit of very wide double and discharge him after some extenuating circumstances. But such accepted can hardly pass the smut of arrest for "sex crime," a police interpretation, family shame and the ordeal of repeating a ballyhoo-ball description of the whole thing in court under the prodding of a police prosecutor. There has been at least one recent case of suicide by a young man facing a court knowledge charge.

According to the 1963 Police Report the most recent available, so less than 576 cases were tried in NSW Petty Sessions that year and the number of offences is rising—from 653 in 1963 and 734 in 1964. A large number:

And who tips off the police—about these and the many more varied decisions which are not taken to court? The answer is NSW, Victoria and ACT alone of the Australian states is the Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages (or his equivalent). His departmental reports to the Police Department every registered mother who gives birth to a child when she is under sixteen years now means eighteen years was incited in Victoria).

This collaboration explains the high number of sexual knowledge convictions. Yet there is absolutely no legal basis for the Registrar's action and good policy reason why it should stop.

Registration of births is compulsory. But there is a cherished principle of law that no one should be forced to register himself. If the statistics of births are used to bring prosecution then those girls who register are placing themselves in jeopardy of being charged with exposure to mortal danger.

So far as compulsory Commonwealth statistics and income tax returns are concerned, there is an absolute prohibition on their use in criminal cases. In this way the secrecy of the information is ensured.

It is not so though the Register is usually a man of information for any ordinary idle enquirer. Any nonobedience regarding information about a birth certificate must make certain application stating a good reason (such that the Registrar has a wide discretion).

Last year a middle-aged NSW woman wished to discover the names of her real parents. She had been born illegitimate and adopted by foster parents. However, the Registrar refused her application and her appeal to the Full Supreme Court was dismissed on the ground that the Registrar's refusal was not an unreasonable exercise of his discretion. The powers have no such difficulties. In fact, they don't even have to ask.

In 1965, the NSW Council for Civil Liberties raised the whole question with NSW Minister for Justice Maddison. His reply confirmed "the existence of a long-standing practice which is justified on the grounds of public policy."

This public policy apparently is the deterring out of such cases as "the incestuous relationship between father and daughter, or the relationship between a person in authority with a young female in his charge, where the girl concerned does not proceed against the offender because of the offend-

er's authoritarian relationship with her and because of fear of the consequences. The fact that cases such as this are brought in light fully justifies the existence of this practice, notwithstanding that inquiries do arise such as that the particular case you mention" (a Victoria statement cited by the Council) "where the girl involved would prefer to erase the whole incident from her mind".

Either Mr. Maddison is prepared to burn the house to roast a very small pig or he is grossly misinformed. The 1964 police report raises 866 "ordinary" sexual knowledge cases and a mere 7 "Other Sexual Offences" (which includes the Minister's guardian, teacher, etc., as well as those using drugs, fraud or harassment). Apparently normal practice causes one hundred helpless teenagers for every one dirty old man.

Moreover the bureaucrats seem to be making shenanigans on morals as much as cost. A barrister who used to be a police prosecutor remembers a case at Midland where the prosecuting sergeant in charge said this: "We like them but get arrested promptly." Only last month a Sydney solicitor contacted the Registrar on behalf of a 19-year-old boy ("Don't worry," the Registrar may have said, "Get them married and that'll sort it"). Strikingly the court really did him out of the legal woods but in such circumstances the charges are always dropped.

The Registrar's office has itself informed about police statistics: "If it's of good character, she doesn't usually prosecute. They just give her a lecture."

And of course if the lad got up rough about a tough Irish cop licensing his car without all aspects of sex (image reconstructed from, we suppose, his proved six bad characters). The whole atmosphere surrounding the detection and punishment of sexual knowledge reeks of heavy-handed meddling and the easy if potentially disastrous turned message as the way out.

Of the 970 court cases in 1963, 384 went to a jury trial and their cases are not recorded. Of the 582 appearing before magistrate—

44 went to goal,
129 were "otherwise dealt with" (ie., a bond) and the large number of 209 had the charge withdrawn or were acquitted. (Did they know someone, spirit in the air or go to a lecturer?)

Incredibly, there were 175 reports of sexual knowledge of which 774 were cleared up (99.7%). This is a simply phenomenal figure compared with "break, entry, theft" at 34% and murder around 60% but it all depends where your interest lies (and where you put your report). Without doubt, the sexual knowledge figures baffle police experts. Darn and that do wonders for morale.

Although young girls may need protection, there is no place in an enlightened legal system for a distinct charge which shivers an adolescent girl and breeds contemptuously to the defense whose only offence may be an ignorance of contraception and/or abortion.

Other statutory crimes protect the young against the old but sexual knowledge seems designed mainly to protect the young against themselves and their friends. Surely no crime and no police force in the world can do this.

The police, aided by an official government pamphlet, appear in it as indulging in an absurdly paternalistic campaign to manage official morality at the expense of realism and those they profit to protect.

Power failure in Paris

What came first, artist or crisis? Can one exist without the other? Answer may well be the landscape.

In New York theatre critic Robert Brustein wrote a brilliant coverage of a bankrupt Broadway blood with mannered Method actors condemned to repeat themselves in the one play, resonated under different names.

In Australia, where there is only a confusion of styles in the themes and management of London and Broadway, critic Harry Kipnis is forced to give serious encouragement to inferior writers like the independent's *The Dancer of Death* for fear of killing off a "worthwhile project."

We seem intent on turning critics and audiences to academic artifice which don't exist. Someone has decided that we should be careful about our culture and our foolish naivete and tell us this.

Where do standards in art begin with the practitioners of their craft?

When the Power Blingot was announced at Sydney University, there was expectation at the thought of a Faculty of Fine Art. It might well shake up those sprawling square miles near that margin we call Broadway. It might lend some style to a place whose style was being shod up by Indian craftsmen replacing padded blocks of matresses.

It would surround Australian artists that modest art survived the Transition rather well.

Sir Herries Reid warned the guardians of the Budget to beware: the dead hand of historians. The appointment of Dr Bernard Smith as the Director of the Power Institute established the professionalism of a man whose qualifications were town psychiatric. But he was a historian.

Last year, Prof Smith announced that his department would be open to graduates alone. Realizing that this would exclude most of Australia's practising painters, one could only doubt the good doctor's wisdom.

High academic standards be swapped back at his critics in an art scholarship lead to improved standards of an otherwise more professional, a higher level of art patronage and connoisseurship the improvement of taste, a better informed body of public opinion.

Dr Smith also seems preoccupied with Paris as the status quo may like him to proclaim a house in Paris for Power artists to take up residence. Unfortunately nothing is happening in Paris. Going to give Power for contemporary art is like trying to go the Blue Mountains for the sun—it was all over years ago.

Still Paris might come when again So-might-Come. But at the moment, New York houses some of the best contemporary work and it might have been a

better idea to buy a place there than in Paris, unless you feel that a wider benefit might have been achieved by installing overseas talent in temporary Sydney quarters.

The Power stipulation that money be set aside for "purchase of the most contemporary art of the world" brought a warming hope to the isolated oil-digged artists. But the hope evaporated when the actual amount was announced for the first purchase—\$20,000.

Now \$20,000 can buy a lot, but you won't get a third of a good Jackson Pollock. Quixote bought up the local another \$10,000. So when the deputy director of the Melbourne Gallery said with his shopping basket, we were all aging to see what he'd bring back.

The news is that he has bagged some 30 prints. Even if he had no specific qualifications for buying contemporary art, he had scored a pretty good average.

The full lot hasn't been handed down yet, but the prints range from theable indicate some kind of level. The French are certainly there. Some redping Tinguely and Op painters Le Petit and Vasarely are there. Two Englishmen in the haul are Isaac Withey and Tim Scott.

So far, that's that. But how about the Yanks? There is an envious feeling that Dr Smith's powers for Paris may well have plundered the directorate.

MOURNING...

Former member for Kissing Point, Sir Robert Menzies, was supporting Bladock. McEvans was supporting Bladock. And Colwell! And the Sydney Morning Herald. Gorton's supporters were getting more confident by the minute.

Some light relief was injected by the official entry of Billy Snedden, whose name two or three people recognized. Snedden had his own personal Colwell, a mother who said: "He's my baby and I'm proud of him." He flew to Sydney, where he had a clear field; the others were in Canberra, noting the Americans that it was going to stop giving us money and whenever the lady would be would come and tell her advancing agenda at Craig Park. Bladock, whenever the President left it was necessary. On the same day, Andrew Jones announced he would not stand.

Snedden gave a couple of press conferances, presumably having nothing else to do. Having optimistically put \$2 on himself at having an enterprising reporter, he retreated to Melbourne.

On the Friday before the elections, it was almost a foregone conclusion. All four candidates had followed Gorton's lead and announced they were left of centre in the Liberal Party (which apparently John Calvert without a right wing in it). Perhaps it was the that prompted Sir Wilfrid Kent Hughes, veteran extremist, to suggest McEwen should stay on. All had also said they would like nothing better than to see McEvans. But Gorton had got in first, and no one had any real doubt that he'd make it, with McEvans's last, mangled support.

Nevertheless, Australian partisans are prepared to suspend judgment of the main course while they savor over the sole salad. Next May, the drivers of contemporary art criticism, Harold Greenberg, will lecture for the Power Institute in Sydney and Melbourne. Painters without degrees will be admitted.

—K.B.

LockeUp

Garry Locke, SM is one of those old-fashioned jurists who still believe that justice must not only be done but must be seen to be done. His impressive record in this field of endeavour has recently seen another addition.

The accused, a Mr Mahoney-Smith, had been charged with breaking into a jeweller's shop. The only telling evidence against him was a "confession" which he was alleged to have made while classified as a lonely cell with several heavily-built policemen. Counsel for Mahoney-Smith claimed the confession had been extracted by the police and began to cross-examine police witnesses. To his bewilderment he was sternly and unfriendly cut off by an objecting Justice. "It has become (over)

(over)

In other words, McEvans was the key witness. The Telegraph ran a shrewdly fulsome article about the Treasurer, crediting by a similar article about McEvans in The Australian that's a great Australian, but he won't get in therefore we should have Berry/Gordon/Bladock, depending on which side of the week it is.)

In a last effort to use the McMahons, Gordon and the Australian ran a piece saying that the reason McEvans wouldn't top McMahon was that McMahon had "an ambition" with an ex-sister of The Australian, one Max Newton, "the pseudonym of a foreign power." The Foreign Office, the Tele, and plausibly that they only bought his newsletters and that these were no good anyway, and Newton wrote an angry letter. The Australian didn't publish it (he also uses a litigant as the present editor, compensating him on his (independently) editorial policy.) McMahon obediently agreed with The Australian.

But it was all too late. Gordon flew home, with McMahon sitting firmly under his right wing. The losers promoted their loyalty, and settled down to wait till next time. Photographs of Gorton leaving on a show were published in most papers leading to a lot of rather tiresome jokes about tree digging.

McMahon said "We glad it's over" He did not indicate his position if, just as, the Tele go down in 1989 and the press turns looking for a new leader. But observers are confident that he will be available, then, or at any time whether he is required or not.

able to reflect on the probity and reliability of the Police. This will never become favourable in a court where I preside." He then went on to say: "Unfortunate, the defence counsel from pursuing this 'Unfortunate' line of questioning to which the barrister replied by ringing down his hands and striking them on the partitions.

But this was only the beginning. Not content with preventing the defendant from defending himself, Lockie went further and denied him full guarantee him to proceed until a jury trial could begin. On what grounds? The man had been convicted only once in his life more than ten years before while he was tried for a minor branch of the crime. He had already been remanded on bail twice in the preceding month pending his hearing and had appeared promptly each time. The police prosecutor saw no reason to oppose bail stating that he anticipated no fears that the applicant would abscond or interfere with Crown witnesses or counsel further offences while awaiting trial.

The private practitioner called a higher court to be advised but which was mostly granted Mr Justice O'Brien had no hesitation in concluding that he had been "unconscionable" from defending himself, and that the trial had neither the appearance or the atmosphere of fairness and impartiality he claimed for it.

The moment in which counsel volunteered at this stage to conduct his own examination was not unexpected, and the remarks which fell from the bench on occasion therefrom seem to me to have been unfortunate. It was, I think, even more unfortunate that they allow proceeding further investigation into the manner of defense which counsel for the applicant sought to prosecute, the learned court magistrates should have seen fit to make a pronouncement upon what he intended had become feasible and upon which, upon his own admission, he was unaware had any application to those who were appearing before him.

But now, nothing so soon after MP Justice Phillips' denunciation of opposition of the past, past and present, the last (it) has turned to reward the Powers That

Be (point) that something will have to be done.

The case was reported in *Bethersfield Gazette* No. 9 South Wales Law Reports which broke its long-standing rule that, in reporting an appeal from a magistrate's decision, the name of the SM must never be mentioned. In this report, the name G. A. Locke S.M. appeared most compactly.

We presume it was not mere name-dropping.

1st Lady

January 24. Australian, carried the story that Harold Wilson has taken out another libel suit — this time against the international edition of the *Herald-Tribune*, which is printed in Paris.

It reported that the action arose out of a report in October 12 last year of Wilson's efforts to walk out of court by his advisor to the Moors, Sir Nando Hauke

Greenglass. As so often happens with the Australian cables, it was in error. In fact, the new libel action involves an article in the *Herald-Tribune* on that day about "The Other Woman in the Life of Harold Wilson".

Malicious gossip about the sex life of politicians, of course, is as old as the hills. In recent years, backchat about ex-terps Marquis J.F.K. and M.G. have found their way into the news papers. This particular article in the *Herald-Tribune*, in fact, signs short of such allegations.

The article begins: "She is said to be the one person in his immediate entourage to whom Harold Wilson listens, the only one who speaks her mind to her regardless of what she thinks best for him."

Some readers call her the most powerful woman in Britain. But everybody who knows her, Downing Street workers agree that the surest way to Harold Wilson's ear is through Maria Williams.

"Mrs. Williams is Mr. Wilson's political secretary and has been since the Prime Minister was a young Labour Party statistician presenting his bid for Parliament. It is not her job but the way she has come to fill it is that gives her a more special role in the Labour Government."

"This is no secret in London though the public has never been told. The British newspapers have a subtle system of saying things to people who already know all about it in a way that doesn't let the ear understand. The group about Marx, the cracks about Mao, the rumors about Mao are all over London."

When it comes to print, however, The Times definitely refers to alleged reports about the Prime Minister's alleged personal life.

Mrs. Williams is a pleasant though not pretty woman in her late thirties who began work for Harold Wilson as his typist in Transport House. She is a divorcee and there was a good deal of small talk about a gay political scandal during the 1964 election campaign with every sign that it was instigated by the Teng party.

During the 1968 Profumo scandal the Tory minister Quinton Hogg (see Skidham) nearly brought the house down when he tried to defend Downing House Minister Macmillan by saying that he didn't understand the fuss about Profumo's previous life "since these are old-timers on the opposite front benches".

In view of Hogg's persistent harking on this theme, it was no doubt a shrewd move by Wilson that when he took out the libel action against "The Moors" he chose Hogg as his barrister.

Cast in the role of professional advancing Hogg did not even blanch when he informed the High Court at the trial hearing that the rock carabiner had made use of false rumours spread about Mr. Wilson's personal character for some years.

When the *Herald-Tribune* case comes before the courts, perhaps we can expect Ted Heath to defend the honour of his Prime Minister — and of Mrs. Maria Williams.

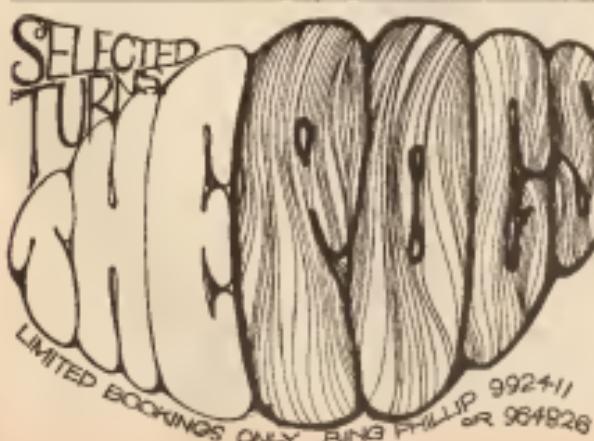
20 feet

How do you feel at election time? Disillusioned? Optimistic? Dispirited? Me too. That is why, at the Senate elections I decided to hand out How To Vote cards for the Australian Reform Movement.

The Liberal Party was represented mostly on the 20 ft. Hall area of about 30 who looked very much like How He looks. In the morning he was helped by his wearing schoolgirl daughter. Under no guidance she looked adorably at the row of tables and signed her off-white 20 ft. flag from the ALP with her close-to-the-body kiss.

Apparently she was advertising the fourth Free ride. Hell! Hell! Hell! referred to as the ultimate politeness, and for a time she moved back. But she moved towards the other signs and who knew she looked so nice and respectable and elderly that a few old-timers may have voted her in again.

Several voters arrived supporting a home in blind grandfather. They looked at the signs offered by me and the ALP man as if there were no more dupable no man to offer an old woman a self-
(over)



I think if we can get a bill through that would allow us to have a referendum on the issue, I think a majority of the people would be much happier with a constitutional state.

The DLP was represented by a sweet-faced girl with long fair hair. Such a pity the ALP man kept saying "She looks as if she deserves a better fate".

Towards 8 pm it ended. The wet asphalt was lined with thousands of rejected Blow to Vote cards, and two council workers arrived with great straw brooms. When future party workers gathered as we went off to the pub and the fish & chips shop.

A boy from the local Lab's club asked me to a party. I was amazed that he was sufficiently indecisive not to name the far prettier girl from the D.L.P. For by that stage all political distinctions had blurred for me. It was a case of all of us with the gauntlet against the rest of the electorate.

Penelope Neale

Malice in Blunder- land

Meanwhile in Australia itself is becoming more and more popular as a way of earning handily盆money amongst the maligned. In Sydney, Consolidated Press alone is doing \$1 million worth.

- Tom Urra After about four years of litigation which has gone all the way to the Supreme Court the good Tom is still battling to get a writ out of Packer. His original \$80,000 award was at the last hearing reduced to \$12,000 but appeal is pending.
 - Linda Murphy for allegations about her loyalty to the Party
 - The Bridges case. At the last hearing the party was divided over the damages due to an election candidate whose only motivation in slandering according to the Telje was to win the election because he showed the most promise as a leading transsexual candidate.
 - Pat Mackie for biased reporting during the Mt Isa dispute
 - Sir William Gaze for some unprintable remarks about the Wool Reserve Scheme. Knowing Sir William's outspokenness it is even less coming out of Fox and the general loose talk.
 - Lorraine Campbell against the Wallace for intimating that she could not take criticism. This is part of a general contretemps with Miss Campbell against the Sydney press for its concerted efforts to invade her private life while she was back in Sydney. Apparently the Press thought her private life more新奇 than actually interesting than she did.
 - Athol Mulley for raising misapprehensions. Morris West for the fallout about his being asked to enter politics from clinging to a map of letters
 - Steven Christian Lang for allegations about building society malpractices

- Gordon Burton tipped to be the most spectacular of the stars currently coming up. Burton has the money and will take the Telegraph for the long haul if he continues on a success (p. 9). Other newspaper companies besides *Post* who have a good collection of paid-up stars which began to pile up a few years ago when Eric Eason Q.C. was able to obtain inflated awards from impressionable juries.

Undeniably the Grand Old Man of golf is not today quite the vigorous ad vivace of yesterday and there is some polite golfing currently in progress along Philip Street amongst those keen to take up his mantle with as much business like interest.

The most spectacular case on the Sydney Morning Herald's books at present involves the series of suits issued by the former Shapfold against Tom Fitzgerald the Herald's Financial Editor for his allegations of malpractices in several Shapfold companies.

Before he takes up this money-making venture, Shepploff has put one hurdle to jump: a criminal charge against him taken out by the Crown as a result of Fitzgerald's amnesia.

The criminal proceedings are being pushed along at a great rate. One of Stephoff's co-directors is NSW Minister Justice Maddison.

Although he is not implicated in any way, at least one Minister (whose path too often cuts across Muddiman's) believes it will damage his career and it has to get the case answered as soon as possible.

Barnes
storm

Trouble in brewing in New Orleans
between Indians and Aussiedls.

His poor cause lies in the disillusionment of the Highlands people of West Britain with the Westminster administration and in particular the heavy taxation this only benefits of which are military posts packed with foreignerish officials.

Highland leaders confirmed for the first time by the admissions bargaining power of an Indonesian-held mining company collected their people in late 1966 and began to move towards the Land of the Free or Australian New Guinea, as we know it.

Upwards of 20 000 people were involved in this walkabout.

Unfortunately for them, the Land of the Free was not the Land of the Brave - and they soon discovered as they entered the border regions.

Here border patrols from the Mt. Hagen detachment of the Pacific Islands Regiment sent by the Administration actively encouraged them to turn back.

While Soviet flights began to reappear during January and February bearing huge puncture holes, the Administration began quietly to accept the refugees who were shuffled after screening to intermediate camps.

A new Statute on Australia's domain to shelter these refugees was rapidly so forced because of fears that disclosure could harm the state of Australia's Indonesian relations.

However, in the early 1987 border saga was descended. Australian Army holding forces were sent out in helicopter trips over the region to seek out refugees entering Papua illegally and to usher them to return home.

By mid-November the Indonesian administration was faced with guerrilla warfare by both communists and Rightist rebels. The crisis developed in late October with the enforcement and extraction of even higher taxes by purposed Indonesian military forces.

For the junta in Djakarta it was an explosive situation and, after village meetings with administration officials had failed, air strikes were called in and two Indonesian brigades were moved from Djakarta to Sakarangpura to beef up the northeast Sumatra-based forces.

Along the coast string of villages commenced in late November.

Villages were deserted as maize and the roads improved in utility. However, engagements so far have been minor and the natives so far captured have been transported to Sikkimpegu for corrective punishment.

For the Australian New Guinea administration the whole situation poses grave problems. The blanket of new covetage is partly typical Liberal paternalism; partly to hide old policy mistakes that may be made and partly to keep up the image of Beirico as a brave anti-Communist whom we should all admire.

Since "Newswatch" was the first major news source to publicise the fact that Australian planes are being used to bomb guerrilla hideouts in Laos and Thailand, Australians can look forward to reading about all our major foreign policy activities in government publications just like the Russians do.

—from our Post Monarchy philosophy.

Phindiesteiniks? Giggliophinks?
Phuzzleggys? Fizzlegrogs?
Phinkledinks? Twiddlestinks?
Wim poslestruts? Needicums?
Phuzzydinks? Or whatever it is,
this section of OZ needs people
who thinks they either know or
feel something more than we are
accustomed to hearing from the
established media. "Phizzgiga"
is a magazine within a magazine,
and like any damn magazine, it
has to be written. Contributions
are needed and any Phizz pub-
lished will get cash for his little-
etting. Mail your scandal to OZ Magazine,
c/o 29-31 Meagher
Street, Chippendale, N.S.W. 2008
I won't tell.

THE CROSS TURNS OVER



THE Rev. Ted Noffs donned a leather cap and jacket and climbed on to a high-powered motor bike this week.



The Rev. Bernard Goldblify doesn't believe people can do what they like."

A new pastor is hard at work in Sydney's Kings Cross. He's luring young people away from the Wayward Chapel the infamous pad of Rev. Ned Noffs (well known to Sundaynewspapers as Our Man in Nirvana).

He is the Rev. Bernard "Goldblify" Gold, one of those quiet old-fashioned preachers who still believe that the Church should demand more from its followers than a tick in the appropriate square on the postage form.

The Whole Cross acts in anger at the wayward congregation. "We still have 20 out-breaks on our books," bemoans Rev. Ned, looking figures of the rural masses. "Let that lesson of piety last just one more of them away and I'll sick my Enforcement on 'em to 'em!" His Kraal Kunchie grunting agrees.

The trouble between these two ministers of the church began when Goldblify offered transfer fees for drug addicts to avoid his Narotics Anonymous. Several young women are known to have come across.

Noffs countered by opening his Transcendental Marriage Parlour — instead of rubbing alcohol into the clients' skin, he had a novel "trans-substantiation" — for which he claimed healing powers. He also passed on upgrades from God's salvation or Christ and the Single Scotland. But then his brother at the cross struck back with the formation of Heaven's Angels — the hulky Daughys of the Murphy Davidson.

But the daft ones follow Ned. At one of his popular "sermons on the Faculty Hill" lectures Ned whacked his admirers off the beat of extempore heck. Go forth and multiply, barked to Goldblify — or words to that effect.

At Goldblify's HQ, the Godkickers Steak, a fervour of matathiasism still prevails no gloom on the alter. No Spring in the Chalice nation and no falloosening in public. To possess a trace of religion there is half an hour of power and meditation at 6 p.m. At 8.30 the house opens and the real work begins. However like Rev. Ned, we doubt that such poly could have the true spirit of "with-itry" and the kind of raw sex appeal that the Church needs today.

GO-SEE

THE TEENZ & TWENTIES' PAPER

INTRODUCES

"KALEIDOSCOPE"

GUTS & DOUBLE FASHION PARK

By Tommold (Country Party, Victoria) told by House that

While on this subject I might mention that I watched a television programme the other night which was called "The Frost Report". I was attracted to it by a strange coincidence. An honourable member knew, I suppose, that approximately 70% of the fruit juice pack of Australia People in my area are troubled with frost. When I saw the title of this television programme I thought that it was about frost. However, I was soon disillusioned. I soon found out that the programme was by a man named Frost who makes a report. I am surprised that the Australian Broadcasting Commission would put a programme on like this. It want as far as to offend the Ten Commandments. Once this happens I think a programme should be put off the air.

OZWORD 2

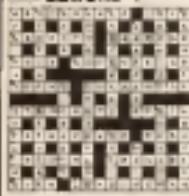
ACROSS

- Me in bed with you and me
telling what you said?
10 letters
- A despicable guy in my
telling between two continents
but not as the other
10 letters
- What's the capital of South
Africa? (8 letters)
- Smart by the same name as
the old ones?
10 letters
- Highly educated!
10 letters
- If I have 12 mates, 12 and
the like, inclusive, who
else many had would
be included?
10 letters
- Phoebe Allen is the old one now?
10 letters
- Where is the mid-point in
Portia's Country, No. 2?
10 letters
- What — — — English?

DOWN

- Go back past Brad
mother to me — — — —
and I'll believe you
10 letters
- Ridiculous addition without
the subtraction. True or the
rest?
10 letters
- What FRENCH is 44 OZEF and
made in another country?
one without a double
feature?
10 letters
- Woolf's shared up
myself another day is
the result.
10 letters
- A man at the corner should
never be told to go
10 letters
- Can't drive down long
highway in Public Enemy
No. 1.

OZWORD 1



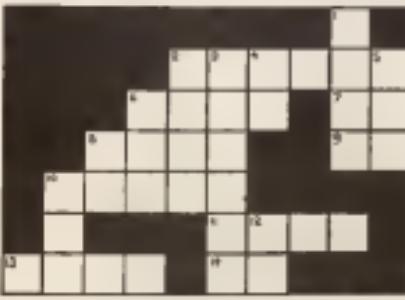
ALWAYS SUCCEEDING NEVER SUCCESSFUL

Senator McKeon in his review from Paterson has stated that the war was going very well in favour of the Allies and could be over in two years.

This is the longest unused in the world — that work of daylight at its farther end banished more generally than you'd ever care to think (Safte, Navare, Hinkins, Westranchend) — they were all hopeful in their various ways, their strategies were working out as planned, huk-de-tache, set-piece battle, steadily survivors piled up, kill-ratios rose and only the wilfully blind could fail to see the blue sky widening at the tunnel's end —, only the blind,

and cynics who'd smile for less after some contemplation of that land choked by such superabundance of success

BRUCE DAWE



Readers are cordially invited to answer OZWORDs for points
time (and a general entertainment value). The solutions to
OZWORD No. 1 is printed beneath. The answers to OZWORD
No. 2 will not be printed for reasons that will become obvious
in the answers.



Johnny Raper the Dragon lock forward has been breaking the law over the back pages of the Mirror recently to be "Off the lot" off the Kangaroos Rugby League team. Despite his valiant (if blemished) efforts, no victory because of them, the condition is looking madder than ever with rumours of games being thrown.

One ugly story he was quick to squash was about Australian players breaking the president of the French League during his speech at a farewell dinner and even firing a chamber pistol at him.

But our Johnny isn't the newest sight on the frogs. Even after being beaten Frog referee and beating the Kangos, the perfidious Frogs, weren't content. They threw a boring dinner at which the president spoke in get this — FRENCH!

As Johnny says:

We couldn't understand him and EU (but there's no
groom of red-bloused men
as such who could observe
high fashion etiquette in
such boring circumstances).

And who can blame them? Trust the
Frogs to rub salt (and garlic) into the
wounds. But at least the Kangos lived up
to their honourable Digger fighting traditions.

From the odd time we
understood or had interpreted for us, it was clear
Mr Giscard wasn't being
very complimentary to the
Australian team, as a few
of us started to raise hell.

We had a few drinks,
talked and joked among
ourselves and, near the end
of his oration, we were
begging him know it was time
he shut up.

And what did some Frog League men
say? You'd think hell froze over
there at the Somme and Dunkirk.

He went away at us for
talking and laughing and
later he stormed over to
Reg Gossage, and gave him
a series blow in French.

I'm not going to try
andate the argument over
what he actually said, but
I'll go along, more or less,
with arguments that quoted him as telling Reg we were
all a pack of wild animals
who should be rounded up
in cages.

He has since denied
having said that but, from
looking at him, it was easy
to see he was giving us a
real going over.

Now, that really took the bloody guinea
(Johnny got FF100 at the time he knew
what was on straight).

PRANGO!

THE AIR ADVENTURES OF BUNGLES

By Capt. W. E. John

Everyone knows about the air adventures of Bigglesworth ("Bungles") as his friendly bar few have failed to be equally inspired by the famous tales of Sqn. Ldr. G. Gordon (known as "Bungle" to everyone) who brought down a couple of good planes (his own) during an all too short flying spell with the RAAF during World War II. Since then he has been limited to VIP flights BUT READ ON.

"Jumping gerrymanders," grunted Bungles as he surveyed the scene.

The Molenglo road hung low over the tarmac as his pony step swung him on to the tarmac.

"There's signs in the air," quipped Algy, glancing at the murky skies. "Like a goldfish bowl."

The relevance was not lost on his quick-witted chum, who chorused appreciatively. Together they swung the prop of the old Sepoath Bi-Canard and a sputtered into life.

"Have to get that upper chamber cleaned out."

"Leave that to me," said the determined Bungles.

With the steel-grey eyes of small wing-CO "Black Jack" on their every move, the duo taxied out and swept skywards into the clear blue of their hunting-ground. They would need every ounce of courage and every lesson of their long training in the bitter sessions ahead.

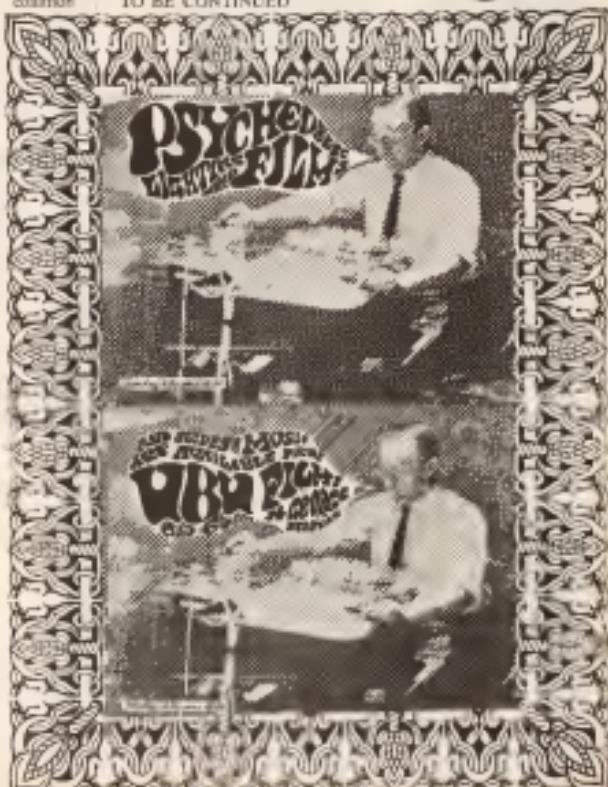
Soon they reached enemy territory. Every nerve was tense as they watched for the first sign of von Whiteman.

"The Pink Baron," as von Whiteman was known, had dominated the skies too long. Now that "Bungle" Gordon and his dithering cohorts were back in the air they hoped to liberate the area from his ever-present threat.

The intercom crackled occasionally as Bungles cleared his throat but all

was silent for the steady dron of his voice.

Suddenly the energy swept down on the left, Bungles' favourite side, and the dogfight began. Following the curving Wyndham Plan, von Whiteman's crew started to the attack in a desperate effort to split the coalition. TO BE CONTINUED





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